

## With Big Jeffries In His Training

By TOMMY CLARK.

If Jim Jeffries does not succeed in defeating Jack Johnson at the Emeryville race track July 4 it will not be the fault of any human being. Jeff's training at Ben Lomond, Cal., is being handled more carefully than any other pugilist that ever engaged in a championship battle. Every possible means within the power of man is being used to bring Jeff back to his old shape. Nearly all the great fighters that he has beaten are willing to contribute their bit to the big fellow's success in the coming battle; in fact, every particle of light left in Jeff will be brought to the surface.

But—and this word is very significant—is it the assistance of these great old timers that will bring home the money for the Jeffries followers? Will any exclusive instruction in the art of boxing help Jeff come out victorious? At the present time Jeff's training corps is composed of Joe Chynski, Bob Armstrong, Farmer Burns, Billy Papke and Sam Berger.

The opinion seems to prevail that Jeffries is in need of some older head to map out his training, and there is some fear being expressed by his friends that he may injure himself by working too violently at this early period. So far Jeff has rounded to shape in a manner that was gratifying to even those who never figured his being able to go through a severe course of training work.

However, the recent stiffness which he has felt in his limbs after exercising briskly has caused anxiety among

## Is He Serving His Last Year?



JIMMY SHEPPARD

Another veteran ball player is now nearing his final goal. It looks as though "Jimmy" Sheppard, the great outfielder and hitter is serving his last year in major league company. "Sheek" is still with the Cubs, but he is on the bench watching proceedings, while another man is cavorting around the field,

that he served so long and well in. Sentiment cuts no ice in baseball, the hero of today is the dub of tomorrow, and Sheppard like many others before him will be compelled to make room for some lively youngster who will get the applause that once belonged to "Sheek" and in time "get the gate," as Jimmy is now getting it.

## How Cy Young Broke Into the Game

By Cy Young Himself.

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It was a good many years ago—doesn't make much difference how long ago, but it was before the World's fair, and we will let it go at that. You see, I am getting sort of weary of this "Old Cy" business. I stand for what the women say on the question of age when they say they are just as old as I feel. That's me. I'm just as old as I feel; but, at that, I guess most folks who know me know I've passed the forty mark.

I'm glad to get the age question off my chest, for I started to talk about



CY YOUNG, VETERAN PITCHER OF CLEVELAND AMERICANS.

the Hickory Bottom team. Never heard of that team, hey? I started playing ball with them, the good old Hickory Bottoms of Hopdale, Harrison county, O.

I had been pitching hay, playing ball with some of the farm hands, and we were having quite a time of it. A little place called New Athens—not the Athens on up the state, but New Athens—had a college and some 500 folks. They were rather chesty when it came to playing ball, and when the boys would drive into town on a Saturday afternoon we would watch the college boys play ball.

They didn't look much to me, so I got our farmer boys in line, and we hunted a long time for a name. Big Stillwater and Little Stillwater were two creeks close by, and we thought we would call ourselves the Stillwaters, but some of the fellows kicked on that. As we lived in a part of the county called Hickory Bottom and as our first bats we made ourselves out of good old hickory trees, we took up the name of the Hickory Bottom baseball club, and then we started. Say, we didn't do a thing to those college boys! We just ate 'em alive.

Well, I never will forget the day we went to Cadiz. I was down to pitch, and all I could do was to throw a ball like—well, I could throw 'em some in those days. Did have an outcurve, I guess, but I just counted on speed. The Cadiz team had been cleaning up everything from Wheeling, Steubenville and on down the river, and to think the Hickory Bottom team would

lick them! Why, say, it was a joke to those fellows.

We played on a side of a hill. Never was a ball ground quite like that. The only thing any way near level was the run from first to second. You had to run up hill to first, up hill from third to home and down hill from second to third.

The Cadiz team had a fellow they called Home Run Grimes. He played shortstop, and his record was a home run or two every game. Say, I fanned that fellow every time he came to bat, and we won the game 12 to 1. Funny how they got that one run! It came in the second or third inning, I forget which. But some of the Cadiz sports got to betting that I would blow up or kill our catcher, and that made me hot again. So I kept firing the balls in sort of reckless-like, and I hit two fellows, and one man got to base on balls. I hit the next fellow, and that forced in a run. Then I settled down, and we won hands down.

The Cadiz Republican gave me a big writup on the game, and the Canton (O.) manager got hold of the story and booked me. The boys told how I went into professional ball on a hay wagon, and there was a heap of truth in it at that.

### HERE'S SAM LANGFORD'S TIP ON BIG FIGHT.

Why not take a real live hunch on the big fight from a man who knows? Let's get right on this Jeffries-Johnson affair. The way to do this is to peruse the ultimatum of one Samuel Langford, who plays the role of general reducer of fight championship aspirations. Samuel recently issued a statement in which he offered to fight anybody in the world, with the sole exception of James J. Jeffries.

"That Mistah Jeff he ain't no man; he's just a big train, and he's going to run over anybody 't tries to hol' him back," said Langford when asked about the matter.

"But how about Johnson?" was the query to him.

"Honey, he's jest mah meal ticket. If I can get that big moke in front of me I'll knock him clear out of the moving pictures. Yas, suh, I will, I know, 'cause I met him once."

If there is any better line on the matter than this it has yet to be dug up. Langford's unconscious tip on the big mill is surely not biased. He can whip Jack, but nothing doing with Jeff.

### AUTO NOTES.

The Sturges company has sold nine cars to a Roswell, N. M., agent, and three more to a Carlsbad representative.

C. M. Barber, the local dealer, is at Detroit, visiting the E. M. F. factory. C. J. Hamilton of the city of Chihuahua, has purchased a National 40 through the Sturges company of El Paso.

P. G. Niehoff, general salesman and manager for the Garage Equipment Manufacturing company, was in El Paso Friday visiting local dealers.

### ALPINE WINS TWO BALL GAMES FROM SANDERSON.

Alpine, Texas, May 7.—The Alpine team won the morning and afternoon ball games from Sanderson, the first by a score of 11 to 10, and the second by a 11 to 7 score. The Fort Davis team will play the Alpine team Saturday.

## Gossip Of the Pugilists; Sidelights On the Battlers

By T. S. Andrews

Milwaukee, Wis., May 7.—One of the best middleweight contests that has been arranged for some time will bring together Hugo Kelly, of Chicago, and Eddy McGoorty, of Oshkosh, Wis., who will meet in a ten round, no decision contest before the Badger Athletic club a few Milwaukee Auditors on the evening of May 8. McGoorty, through his excellent showing while in England, where he defeated all the best middleweights over there, is recognized as one of the best in this country today, and when his friends think he will soon be in line for championship honors. Kelly is well known to the boxing fans of this country, and if McGoorty can outpoint him it will be the biggest kind of a boost for the Oshkosh boy. The weight is to be 150 pounds, which is two pounds over the recognized weight, but this was done so as to help Kelly as he did not care to be bothered about reducing too much at this time, although there is no doubt that he can make 155 pounds, and McGoorty knows it. Of the two McGoorty is probably the cleverer, at long range work, while at blocking Kelly has the call. The men appear to be very evenly matched, and the contest should be one of the best seen in these parts for a long time. A great deal hinges on the result, for it means good matches in the future for both of them. Kelly wants another try at Papke, while McGoorty has good offers in England, should he succeed in besting the Chicago man.

The indications are that the boxing game which has had such a boom in England the past year will have a rest during the summer months. There are a few promoters over there who wanted to continue during the hot weather, but they will probably lay off when they discover that the fans do not take kindly to boxing in summer. A letter from a well known sporting man in London gives the following interesting notes: "My Dear Andrews: As you know the game has been a big success here the past year, and everyone is waiting for the Welsh-McFarland contest on May 20, which

will practically wind up the season. John L. Sullivan has been playing in East London the past few weeks and has been doing grand work in this line, certainly a wonderful card when you consider that he is out of the game entirely. Jimmy Britt, the California lightweight, wants to become a real actor. Jimmy has been consulting with Sir Conan Doyle, and is after him to write a play in which Jimmy will be the hero and do a boxing stunt.

"It is likely that he will draw some of the scenes from Rodney Stone, one of Conan Doyle's books. Jimmy is quite a favorite over here, and he will no doubt make good. Every one is excited over the Welsh-McFarland fight. Packy has been doing light work at Jack Straw's place, and is in great condition now. I weighed him the other day, and he was only a few pounds over weight; he will make weight for Welsh without any trouble, and if he wins he is going back to America to challenge Wolgast for a battle for the world's title. There has been a great deal of controversy going on regarding the proposed international board of control for boxing. William Will, the clever editor of Sporting Life, has been doing arduous work in this line, and hopes to accomplish what he has set out to do—that is, bring about the organization.

"From clippings received here from Australia and New Zealand the promoters and critics in those countries favor the proposition and also favor the scale of weights as proposed by Mr. Will. Your suggestion that a meeting be held in San Francisco previous to the Jeffries-Johnson fight is seconded over here, and I have no doubt that there will be a representative gathering of boxing critics and promoters from all over the world. I hope it goes through, for it will help the sport. James Coffroth, the San Francisco promoter, has written over here and fully coincides with the views as set forth by Mr. Will. There will be quite a delegation of sporting men from this side of the Atlantic who will go to the big fight, and among them some of the most prominent titled persons in England."

Johnny Coulon, the Chicago bantam weight, who is after the world's title, has been meeting a few tartars down east of late. In Franky Burns he bumped into a very tough proposition in Brooklyn the other night, and it was only by hard work that he was given credit of a draw at the end of ten rounds. There is talk now of matching Coulon with Monte Attell at 115 pounds ringside. The promoters claim it will be for the championship, but this can hardly be in view of the fact that Jimmy Walsh, the Boston bantam, has a prior claim to Attell. A match between Walsh and Coulon then the winner could meet Digger Stanley of England for the world's title. Of course Stanley would probably want the English weight, which is 113 pounds while the American weight is placed at 116 pounds. It will be quite a relief when the board of control is formed and the weights are adjusted, for then it will be possible to determine who is champion and who is not.

Frank Picato, the California lightweight, who was going along so nicely and making a grand showing in the east, bumped into a snag in Philadelphia the other night, when he met Micky Gannon, the Quaker City boxer. Gannon stopped Picato in the fifth round of a six round bout, but this should not discourage the Californian, for the reason that he gave away considerable weight. Had Gannon weighed in at the lightweight limit, the result would no doubt have been different. Picato came right back with an offer of \$1000 to go as a side bet for another battle with Gannon provided he made 133 pounds at 3 o'clock for him. The promoters had been looking upon Picato as a possible opponent for Wolgast, and this setback came as a severe disappointment to them, hence Picato's anxiety to get on with Gannon again and wipe out his defeat.

As is usually the case, the six round bouts between men of high class in the boxing world do not prove very satisfactory; in fact, they usually leave a bad taste in the mouth for the fans. That seems to be the case of the Ketchel-Langford bout at Philadelphia this week. There was no decision given and the verdict was left to the sporting writers of the various papers. The opinions differed, of course, some giving the shade to Ketchel and others to Samuel. A few thought a draw was right and still others came out and said that Langford had deliberately "pulled" all the way and could have out Stanley out had he wished; but that he was looking for a longer fight on the coast and let the Michigan man stay.

Whether there is any truth to the report or not is hard to say, but the general impression is that if anything was wrong it was not from the Ketchel end; that Stanley tried his best to defeat the negro man and fought and did the aggressive work all the way. The fact that Ketchel once put the negro in bad shape with a stomach punch seems to bear out this view. Ketchel has never been known to try to fight clever; he has always rushed and mixed matters no matter who he was against. He did the same in the Johnson fight, when he should have fought more carefully and made the negro champion open up and do the leading. Langford did not make the showing that some expected, but then he may not have been able to handle Ketchel as easily as other opponents.

On form the negro has the call, for he is a heavyweight and not a middleweight, as many try to make out. Let Mr. Langford make 155 pounds ringside for Ketchel and fight for the championship and he will not find the going so easy—that is at that weight. As catchweights Langford has every advantage, as he scales near the 175 pound mark, but at 155 it will be different. Ketchel has been a good, honest boxer in all his engagements and his friends will not believe that he had anything to do with any "pulling" with the Langford bout.

## The Ball Question



### Merely a Dream

By WALT MASON

I dreamed I went to Paradise, far from this vale so dark, and having reached that happy land, I sought the baseball park; they charged me nothing at the gate, but led me blithely in, and murmured, as I took my seat: "The home team's sure to win." A winged fan beside me sat, within the grandstand's shade, consuming pined peanuts and ambrosial lemonade; I asked him why the shining hosts all wore such happy grins; "In heaven here," the fan replied, "the home team always wins." The game was nicely under way when I fell out of bed, and bustled nearly all my slats, and fairly spoiled my head; forgetting I was back on earth, I cried: "How was the game?" The surgeon said: "They shut us out—it was a beastly shame."

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Walt Mason

## Big Hands Of Value To Ball Players

Many columns of stuff have been written about "baseball brains," while "baseball hands" have been sadly neglected. Fair hands are common, but the real perfect type is scarce. It is generally admitted that Lee Tannehill, the Chicago Americans' third sacker, has the ideal hands for a ball tosser. Lee is on the down grade as a top liner these days, but in his prime he could pick up a grounder better than any of his rivals in the infield.

A close study of Tannehill's hands show them large, strong and sinewy. When he places the tips of his fingers together, and also the base of his palm, a baseball fits there as snugly as a



GEORGE STONE, ST. LOUIS AMERICANS' STAR LEFT FIELDER.

(George Stone, the star batter and left fielder of the St. Louis Americans, is once more demonstrating that he is one of the leading stick wielders on Ben Johnson's circuit. Shortly before the season opened Stone refused to join his team because of a big cut in salary, but later changed his mind and attached his John Hancock to a contract. Last year George injured his ankle and was forced to lay off. Since he joined his teammates Stone has been walloping the sphere at a great rate.)

glove on the hand. On scooping up a grounder around third base the ball appears to be almost crushed before he lets it go to first base. It is this that started the expression of "devooring the ball" or "eating it up." A man who has delicate hands can never play an infield position as easily as one of Tannehill's kind.

Another infielder who "eats up" the ball is Hans Wagner. Without stretching the point any, his hands look tremendous when he swoops up a grounder. They are about the biggest hands a man ever looked on. It takes a fearful drive to get away from his clutches. Once he gets his hands on a grounder it generally means certain death for the batter. His hands are more necessary to the infielder, for it is much harder to scoop up a ball when it is coming fast than to catch a fly. Many a fielder who is sure death on a fly ball or a line drive will let a grounder out in his territory get away from him.

Devlin of the New York Nationals has a perfect baseball hand. So have Bill Bradley of the Cleveland Americans and Delehanty of the Detroit Tigers. But the perfect type is a rarity. Manager Chance of the Chicago Nationals looks at a player's hands first in sizing him up as a possible recruit. It is there that the man's strength is shown, and for that matter, his character.

A man with delicate hands who starts in the infield is a "freak." Johnny Evers of the Cubs comes under this classification. To see Johnny in citizen's clothes he appears more like a bank clerk or a cashier, a man whose business it is to write or to handle money. His fingers are long and tapering, almost like a woman's. It makes one wonder how he can save them from injury and also how he can round up some of the terrific drives which go his way.

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**Boston Teams Composed of Youngsters**  
The two Boston teams this year are composed nearly entirely of players well under the twenty-five year mark. The Doves, with one or two exceptions, are all under twenty-five, while the majority of the Red Sox players are below that limit. These are the youngest teams that ever played together in major league baseball.

Call for Longwell's backs at Union depot.